

The Rutherford Star.

"BE SURE YOU ARE RIGHT AND THEN GO AHEAD."—DAVY CROCKETT.

VOL. VI.

RUTHERFORDTON, N. C., MARCH 23, 1872.

{NEW SERIES.} NO. 18.

Professional Cards.

DR. J. L. RUCKER.
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
Grateful for the liberal patronage heretofore received, hopes, by prompt attention to all calls, to merit a continuance of the same.
12-17

L. F. CHURCHILL. C. M. WHITESIDE
CHURCHILL & WHITESIDE,
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law,
RUTHERFORDTON, N. C.
Will practice in all the Courts of Western North Carolina, in the Supreme Courts of the State and in the District, Circuit and Supreme Courts of the United States.
617

LOGAN & JUSTICE.
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
RUTHERFORDTON, N. C.
Will give prompt attention to all business entrusted to their care.
Particular attention given to collections in both Superior and Justice Courts.
3-17

J. L. CARSON.
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
RUTHERFORDTON, N. C.
Collections made in any part of the State if possible.
617

M. H. J. TUCKER.
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
RUTHERFORDTON, N. C.
Claims collected in all parts of the State.
617

J. E. CARPENTER.
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
RUTHERFORDTON, N. C.
Collections promptly attended to.
3-17

DR. J. W. MARSH.
WILL GIVE PROMPT ATTENTION
to all Professional calls, and hopes to merit a continuance of his long established practice.
Has constantly on hand a fine supply of Pure Drugs, at his office in Rutherfordton.
617

Miscellaneous Cards.

GIVE ME A CALL.
BURNETT'S HOTEL.
With a well-supplied table, attentive servants, and good stables, I will try to merit a continuance of the patronage so liberally extended to me in time past.
1013-17 C. BURNETT.

BLACKSMITHING.
MR. BRADLEY DALTON
would inform his old friends and customers, that he is going to alone, and will be glad to have them call on him at the branch, South of the jail, where he is prepared to do all kinds of work, in his line, in a superior and workmanlike manner.
Country produce taken in exchange for work.
1917

EXCHANGE HOTEL.
Cor. 3d St. and Penn. Avenue,
WASHINGTON, D. C.
This House, formerly known as the St. Charles, has been thoroughly renovated, enlarged, and furnished throughout with the latest and most improved furniture, and is now open for the accommodation of the traveling public. Those desiring comfortable city quarters at reasonable rates, are respectfully invited to give the EXCHANGE a trial.
ALEX. H. JONES,
Proprietor.
50-17

VILLAGE HOTEL.
J. W. GREEN, Proprietor.
In opening this old and favorably known House, the Proprietor would respectfully solicit a share of public patronage, promising to use every endeavor to make his guests comfortable.
His table will be supplied with the best the market affords, and with attentive servants. He intends to try and satisfy the most fastidious. Give him a call.
5717

MERRING HOUSE. Merion, N. C.
This new and well furnished House is now open for the reception of guests, and persons visiting Merion will find it to their interest to give it a call.
18-1-17

WM. BOWLER. J. O. WHITE
MANSION HOTEL. Salisbury, N. C.
On bus free of charge. Prices made to suit the times.
Good stables connected with the House for the accommodation of those traveling by private conveyance.
18-1-17

RAILROAD DIRECTORY.

WILMINGTON, CHARLOTTE AND RUTHERFORD RAILROAD.
Passenger Trains over this Road run as follows:
Leaves Charlotte, Tuesday's, Thursday's and Saturday's 8:30 a. m.
Arrive at Merion, same day's 12 p. m.
Leave Cherryville, same day's 1 p. m.
Arrive at Charlotte, same day's 5:30 p. m.

NORTH CAROLINA RAILROAD.
Passenger Trains over this Road arrive at, and leave Charlotte, as follows:
Leave, going east, at 8:00 p. m.
Arrive, coming west, at 7:30 a. m.
Leave, going east, at 5:35 a. m.
Arrive, coming west, at 7:55 p. m.

WESTERN NORTH CAROLINA RAILROAD.
Passenger Trains over this Road run as follows:
Leave Salisbury, at 5:00 a. m.
Arrive at Merion, 12:43 p. m.
Arrive at Old Fort, 1:32 p. m.
Leave Old Fort, 7:15 a. m.
Leave Merion, at 8:04 a. m.
Arrive at Salisbury, 3:32 p. m.

CHARLOTTE, COLUMBIA AND SALISBURY RAILROAD.
Passenger Trains over this Road arrive at, and leave Charlotte, as follows:
Arrive at Charlotte, 7:30 p. m.
Leave Charlotte, at 8:50 a. m.
Arrive at Charlotte, 5:30 a. m.
Leave Charlotte, at 8:10 p. m.

SELECTED STORY.

LOST AND SAVED.

BY MARY E. ERWIN.

"Don't be any, Grace, nor feel offended; I must be plain with you—for if you will persist in serving wine to your guests, I'll cease my vain remonstrances at once, and whatever yet may come of it, I charge you, hold me not responsible."

"There, there, cousin, those airs ily become you, or rather, your threadbare theme is hateful to me. 'You are getting prudish and notional, James.'"

And the speaker straightened herself up with a look of injured dignity—half playful, half sincere.

"But Grace," he proceeded more softly, yet as earnest, "is there not danger in the practice? We may be safe enough, but is it not our duty to look well to the safety of our fellow-men—those whom we welcome here and entertain?"

"Another whim of yours, James; I wish you wouldn't borrow so much trouble about the welfare of others. Wine will harm no one—at least, so rarely as I dispense it."

"But, Gracie, just that little, given ever so rarely by your hand as hostess, may awaken some old appetite or create a new one, the ruin and desolation of which no one can estimate."

"Fie, James! In the whole range of my acquaintance, I have not one gentleman friend whom I would consider so disrespectful, or on whom I would cast such an aspersion as to say he drank liquor for the love of it."

"Then," said James, huskily, and with an apparent unsteadiness in his voice, "You did not observe among your New Year's callers how quickly one gentleman drained his glass; you did not mark the unnatural color on the cheek, nor the unwonted lustre of the eye, when he entered; nor perceive that both were heightened and accompanied by a strange hilarity of manner on his departure?"

"Whom do you mean, James? I saw no such thing. I know you do our friends injustice, and I resent it. Neither need you trouble to tell me who the person is whom you would so cruelly malign."

"Grace, this is not like you—this is not your better self that speaks. You know I would do injustice to none of your friends, especially to one as near and dear as—"

"Hold! this does not concern you; I will not hear it, James Carlton, not even from you!" and the proud beauty sprung to her feet with defiance in her eye and determination in her tone that brooked no further parley.

"God knows I meant you well, Grace; and may you never reap sorrow from the seeds which you to-day are sowing!" And with a look of strange, mysterious agony in the shadowy eyes, James Carlton left the house.

"One way to win favors for himself, surely. Paul Harrison under the influence of liquor? Never! Sooner would I believe it of myself. 'Tis only a ruse, lest that to-morrow night I shall have wines; but I'd sooner forego giving the party, my birthday though it be, than to show myself so weak and suspicious of my guests. And James Carlton needn't come. Yet if he will, he may. Nor shall I scruple to offend his puritanical notions."

Grace Parker was a girl of pride and spirit. Tenderly reared by rich, indulgent parents who thought her perfect, she seldom felt even the restraint of a remonstrance from them; but cousin James—the faithful, patient-cousin in James, who from childhood had loved her with more than even a brotherly affection—had dared again and again to attempt a salutary control over her proud, unyielding nature.

Well he knew Paul Harrison's gay, impulsive temperament and convivial habits, and with a solicitude most painful, because most apprehensive, he sought to warn his qucenly cousin against the dangerous course which she was unconsciously pursuing.

"I'll not attend the party," he whispered, as that night in his little study he recalled the withering tone and bitter words which had haunted him all day. "She will not be dissuaded by me from her determinations; it is worse than useless to attempt to influence her." Still he felt that she would expect him, as in the early morning before their warm words were spoken, she had asked for and insisted on his presence.

"I always depend so much on you," she had said, "for you know I have no brother," and the thought that she might miss, might need him, brought again the old heart-longing, the wish to serve her, though that service were but to intensify the yearning he had so vainly striven to quell. Though only a second cousin, he had indeed been a brother to Grace Parker. Wayward and capricious, she tolerated no control; and yet James Carlton, in all the earnest solicitude for the better, nobler nature which he believed lay beneath the obdurate exterior, had ventured to remonstrate, pleading, suing that she, in this one instance, at least, would hear to him, and rise against the fearful evil that stalks so spectre-like throughout society.

To say that she did not guess the tenderness of his attachment, were untrue. He had never told his love, yet she could but see it, feel it, in the untiring tenderness with which he, in his cousinly prerogative, sought to guide, control and counsel her. Studying closely her mental life, he endeavored to wait patiently for the full development of those attributes with which he in his worshipful nature had invested her.

"You are too good, cousin James, sadly too good," she had often said to him in playful parley; "but I suppose 'tis because you are to be a minister." And so all these years he had taken her gay rejoinders, shafts of sarcasm and bits of irony, as pardonable and even pretty, because they were from his sparkling-cousin.

"Yes, I will attend the party," he decided. "I will be present, though her unkind words still rankle bitterly in my memory." Grace felt that she had wounded his sensitive nature, and while welcoming her many guest to her elegant parlors on the subsequent evening, her eye wore a waiting, anxious look till cousin James arrived, and then all the old defiance rose again within her, and with a look of mock surprise, she extended her hand with the subdued whisper:

"Really, is it indeed you? Who would have thought it?" The evening was one of mirth, music and song. Swiftly flew the pleasure-plumed hours. Hearts were light and eyes brilliant as the stars that looked in upon their revelry. Gay wit and sparkling repartee, with laugh and jest, ran freely through the crowd, and freer yet ran wine's electric tide.

James Carlton was pale and strangely reticent through the entire evening; nor did Grace attempt to rally him though she felt his eyes upon her—felt the rebuke that lay beneath their deep, appealing earnestness, when with her own hand she poured the sparkling poison. Paul Harrison, noble, generous and impulsive, seemingly forgetful of himself, drank deep, and deeper still, the fearful draught. Nor was his exuberance hardly observed by others—for was he not always gay, witty and sparkling? But James Carlton marked it all—the glittering eye, the meaningless laugh and voluble speech; and as he was lifting still another glass to his lips, he turned anxiously to-

ward him and whispered, "Hold, Paul! taste not another drop; you know not what you are doing."

"Let me alone, Carlton; I'll not be interfered with."

"But you have taken too much now, Paul. Come, can't I induce you to leave the room?" I say, Carlton, leave me alone? Don't think to take my glass; I know what I am about." And draining the brimming goblet, he turned on Carlton with a sneer.

"Think with your long face and pious prudery to make a fool of me? No you don't! Guess I can take care of myself yet awhile!"

The colloquy—James' words so low, and Paul's so loud and defiant—drew other eyes upon them. The cheek of Grace Harrison mantled with shame, and her eyes, wild with the sudden consciousness of Paul's condition, turned pleadingly towards James. He saw her glance and felt the question she could not ask—"What could be done?" Resolved on sparing her feelings, and wishing to shield her friend, he gently but firmly threw an arm around him, and steadying the faltering steps and swaying form, drew him from the room.

"Come, Paul, I am your friend. You must not, shall not return to that room. You are not fit to go back. No, don't break away from me. Believe I am your friend."

Stoutly James sought to hold back the half-bewildered man; but catching the sound of voices from the dining-room, he turned vociferously for entrance.

At once a side door opened, and Grace Parker quickly crossed the threshold.

"What means this wild confusion, Paul Harrison? Is this your respect for me? Is this the way to treat the one whom, of all others, you have professed to honor and respect? Your beastly condition maddens me. Leave my sight at once! I will not look upon a drunkard!"

"O, Grace, this is cruel," whispered James, as he marked the quick reaction in the heavy eye, and the spasm of pain that swept the face of Paul. But she was gone; and turning to the cowering from beside him, he saw at once how deeply those hasty words were sent.

"Come, Paul, let me take you to your hotel. Here's your hat. There, lean on my arm—you'll feel stronger in the open air."

James Carlton knew that the stinging words had not fallen on heedless ears; he knew it by the masterly effort at self-support, the half-suppressed sob that was stifled back upon the writhing heart—and more than all, by the silence poor Paul maintained till they reached his very door. Then taking both of James' hands in his own, he gasped, "I am no drunkard, Carlton, or, if I am, 'twas at her father's house I acquired the love of liquor."

"The days passed by. Grace Parker lived as in a dream. The high ideal of manhood she had built—so fully embodied in Paul Harrison—seemed lying at her feet, the veriest wreck of what her hopes had promised.

"If cousin James would only come!" she whispered to herself, as the days went by so heavily. "Yet I couldn't endure his exultation over the fulfilment of his prophecies and my distress. No, I can bear it alone—not even he shall witness my humiliation."

James Carlton felt that for a time Grace were better left to herself. He believed the lesson would not be in vain; and as much as he yearned to go to her to soothe her pride and give a word of cheer—yet he forebore. Left to her own reflections, poor Grace found little comfort. Often as conscience lifted her shadowy finger, so often she pressed back the self-rebuke, and leaning on her pride, towered strongly over all remorse and sense of guilt.

"So you've come at last," she said, as James Carlton one evening

stole quietly into her little parlor; "it seems an age since you were here. What has kept you?"

"Nothing but myself, my books and the duties of my little parish. But, Gracie, you haven't missed me, surely; you have so many friends and such a host of callers. Still, 'twould be pleasant, sometimes, to be missed and wanted."

"No, James, my friends are too considerate; not a call have I endured—I could not say enjoyed—since my memorable birth-night. No, you need not broach the subject; I have strength enough for that myself,—aye, and pride to rise above it too. You saw me crushed, but did not glory over my humiliation then. I pray you, spare me now."

"Grace, you know me better. I came to comfort you, if that is what you need; to cheer you, if despondent; and beguile you, if I may, from the memory of that dreadful night."

"Dearest, best of cousins! I feel; only for you my mortification would have been complete. The wretch!—to so far forget his manhood, forget that he had won my best affections, and that he was regarded by my guests as my affianced. My pride is stronger than my love. May I never look on his face again!"

"Grace, Grace, let me speak; let me say a word for him whose you feel so deeply injured you," and the strong man struggled against the hunger of his own heart, rebukingly put back the hope that had sprung so quickly in his breast. "Paul Harrison is not so much to blame. Remember, he has one of those fine, high natures that are so sympathetic and impressive, so impulsive and excitable with all. He is the pride of society, has hosts of friends; and 'tis little wonder that they, in their warm admiration of, and little consideration for, his delicate organization, have beguiled him into this. Oh, Grace! let me plead for him, for all the native nobility of his character, and his warm, generous soul. I see the coldness of your eye, the sternness or your lip; but, Grace, I come from him to you, imploring your pardon, and asking that he may come and crave that which I see you are slow in granting to me."

"No, James, it is useless to say more. I did not expect this from you. Surely you have but a flimsy argument; and I am not the weak girl you deem me if you think to soften me by this appeal. Granted that 'twas at my own table he found the beverage which so brutalized him, then the more unpardonable that he should so degrade himself under my very eyes; and if my presence and my love were no restraint, then my life shall never be trusted to his keeping. Seek not to extenuate his offences. Too well I now recall your past allusions to his weakness; and though loth to hear it then, I now believe him to be the habitual tippler, the common drunkard and which your insinuations so well foretold. So tell him nothing as from me. Or stay,—tell him in substance what is my decision, and that I am firm."

With a deep-drawn sigh and disappointed air, James Carlton sought his little study. "What am I to do?" he asked again and again, as with his head resting wearily upon the table before him he strove to couch in softest terms her denial of the pleading Paul.

"What is it, Carlton? Tell me every word. I can endure much, for I deserve much; but this suspense is killing me."

"I had hoped to bring you better cheer, Paul. Perhaps her present frame of mind is only temporary, but she seems rather inflexible."

Then tenderly as a woman he sought to soothe his suffering friend with hope of a brighter prospect. But in vain! Paul's quick perception saw at a glance beneath James' gentle words how bitter indeed must have been the real message; and silently wring-

ing his hand, hastened from the house. The weeks rolled by, and still no relenting word from Grace; and still James Carlton, full of the woes of others, was pleading earnestly for the abdicating one, yet vainly pleading.

"Come, Grace, hasten, fly, before it is too late. He is very low; the doctors say it is a fever; that he may never rally from the crisis. He has been ill sometime, and they only sent for me last night. Oh, Grace! I found him so delirious, I can't tell you how it wrung my heart to hear him call your name so wildly."

Almost instantly James Carlton and his cousin stood at the bedside of the so-changed Paul Harrison.

"He doesn't know me, James; oh, he doesn't know me! wald out Grace, as the head turned wearily on its pillow and the glittering eye met her's so vacantly."

"You must be quite, dear," whispered James; "everything depends upon it."

So through the weary day, and on into the wearier night, sat the two faithful watchers, listening to the half-incoherent words of Paul. Occasionally Grace caught her name, and then bending softly over the pillow, whispered: "Do you know me, Paul? I am Grace, your own Gracie."

"No, you're not my Gracie; she has left me; has gone away and isn't coming back any more. She says I am a drunkard, and she will not look upon a drunkard. No, you're not my Grace?" Then with James he seemed to plead, muttering brokenly: "You'll tell her when she comes that I did not mean to be a drunkard."

"Oh, the bitterness of late contrition!—the agony of remorse that comes not till the ears that so long have waited are wrapped in deep oblivion!"

At last a change, a gentle sleep, came over the sufferer. "This will determine all," whispered James; and as Grace saw him bow in silent prayer, she knew a nobler, truer heart never raised its petitions up to Heaven.

The sleeper moved; his eyes were open—the dear, expressive eyes—and in them shone the glad glow of recognition. A wasted hand crept out upon the coupane, when two dimpled, snowy ones clasped it caressingly, and the rosy mouth was drawn lovingly, down upon the pale, quivering lips that essayed in vain to speak.

"Don't, darling, don't!" sobbed Grace, sinking upon her knees beside the bed, and laying her tear-wet cheek upon his hand. "Tell me that you forgive me—the blame is all my own. Oh! can you forgive and take me back again?"

A pressure of the hand, a smile of ineffable tenderness, was the only reply. But as James gazed on each glowing face, he knew of the perfect faith that lay between their souls. And with hope, strength and vigor both returned to the attenuated frame.

For days two faithful kept their tireless watch beside him. James' presence was itself a balm, while his low voice in prayer, bore upward with it the faith of two other hearts to Heaven.

And again in Grace Parker's palatial home a group was gathered, just a "chosen few," to witness the marriage ceremony that gave her heart and hand to the keeping of Paul Harrison.

Cousin James seemed calm and happy, but the spiritual face grew paler still, and the low voice quivered, as when clasping the hands of Grace and Paul, he reached the words—"Then I pronounce you man and wife."

I need not tell how earnestly Grace Harrison guards her home from the destroyer that so nearly dashed her cup of earthly joy; nor with what solicitude, yet perfect faith, she leans upon the form of whom, since her own hand poured the poison, has neither flattered nor fallen.

THE STAR.

RUTHERFORDTON, N. C.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

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RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Space	1w.	1mo.	3mo.	6mo.	12mo.
1 inch	1.00	2.50	6.00	9.00	16.00
2 "	2.00	5.00	12.00	18.00	30.00
4 "	4.00	10.00	20.00	30.00	45.00
8 "	8.00	20.00	35.00	45.00	70.00
1 col.	15.00	40.00	60.00	80.00	125.00

Special notices charged 50 per cent higher. Local notices 15 cents a line.

Agents procuring advertisements will be allowed a commission of 25 per cent.

DIED.—Mary Miller, a well known colored woman, died in this place on the 20th inst., aged 55 years.

MORE SNOW.—We were greeted on Friday with about the fifth snow of the season. The average depth is about two inches. We look for snow again next Friday, as that will be the day in course.

HURRAH FOR GRANT.—Our foreman has a fine son at his house, born on the 18th inst., who he says is a regular Grant man. The little fellow keeps him awake some times nearly all night, hallowing, Grant! Grant! Grant!!!

MARRIED.—At the residence of the brides father by Rev. W. H. Logan, on the 21st inst., G. W. Crawford to Miss Nannie M., daughter of J. W. Morgan, Esq., all of this county.

Many thanks for the printer's fee. A long, happy and prosperous life to them, say we.

IMPROVEMENTS.—The Court House is undergoing repairs, and from present indications, when finished it will add considerably to the appearance of our Town.

Mr. J. B. Carpenter is also building a new dwelling house near the Jail, which, although it has been commenced long enough not to be called new, is nearly completed, and will improve the appearance of things about the Jail.

BROKE JAIL.—Five of the United States prisoners confined in the Jail at this place, for kluksing, made their escape on Thursday night last. They made their escape by boring, and cutting a hole through the floor and letting themselves down by the aid of a rope. That the anger and rope were furnished them by some of their kluks friends, there is no doubt, and there is already circumstantial proof pointing to the aiders. Steps will be immediately taken to investigate the matter, and if some outsiders have to go in and serve out the time of the escaped prisoners, they can only blame themselves.

LABOR AND ITS FRIENDS.

The nomination of Judge Davis by the Labor Reform Convention, is part of the general plan for the division of the Republican party. The Democratic party feels the necessity of additional strength. That strength must be drawn, if possible, from the great party that has successfully opposed it for the past twelve years. Hence the necessity of creating new issues, and dividing the friends of old ones. For this purpose the "labor reform" and the so-called "liberal republican" movement have been started. If either of these organizations should become openly hostile to the Republican party, and show a determination to keep the field in spite of all opposition, the Democrats will, no doubt, run a straight ticket, and a quadrilateral fight will ensue. But if these movements on the part of the so-called "labor reformers" and "liberal republicans," are simply bids for the Democratic vote, and in the absence of that vote will cease to be formidable, then the Democrats will probably unite with one of these parties; for they are determined to beat the Republican party, if not by their own weapons, by any weapons they can wield. If the Republican party is defeated the victory will be a Democratic one, and the people should have their eyes open to that fact. The leaders

who are engineering these movements, hope by their sounding titles to command public support. "Labor reform," sounds well, so does "liberal republicans," but why create parties for either the one or the other, when the principles of both form the very ground work of the Republican party. Every true Republican is a labor reformer, every great measure of the party has the interest of labor in view. Why present argument when the fact is so plain? The proclamation of freedom by a Republican president, its endorsement and enforcement by a Republican Congress, should forever entitle the Republican party to the respect and attachment of every workingman in the land. The release of four millions of laborers from the chains of slavery was the grandest act for the reformation of labor that the world ever acknowledged. Every measure that has emanated from the party for the better protection of loyalty has been equally potent for the protection of labor. Freedom and labor are so closely allied in their interests that the growth of the one, is the advancement of the other. The party that affords the greatest protection for the enjoyment of freedom, affords the greatest security for the interests of the laboring man. The slaveholders of the South, and their friends in the North, made up an aristocracy of capital, that was from its very nature, the sworn enemy of free labor. Yet the Democratic party protected this aristocracy, trampled under foot the sacred rights of labor, and divided the working men of the country into but two classes, the slaves of the South and the "mud sills" of the North.

The Republican party overthrew this aristocracy, gave to every working man the right to own his own labor, and for the first time in the world's history, opened the doors of capital, to the humblest laborer in the land. Nor is this all? It has been the steadfast friend of labor from the first day of its power, to the present. Under its administration of affairs, wages have increased, new fields of industry have been opened, the hours of toil have been lessened, and the laborer everywhere, has been clothed with an independence almost akin to nobility. What more can be done than has already been done by the great party of freedom, for the reformation of labor? What system of political liberty can be devised to do more for the best interests of the working man? To overthrow this party, is to re-enslave labor, to invite and encourage the growth of an aristocracy of capital, as dangerous as the slave oligarchy that was ground to dust under the heel of the Republican party.

Let the workingmen of the nation think for themselves. Let them ask their own hearts, if a party that has done so much for the ennoblement of labor, can in the future be an enemy to it. The grandest labor reforms have been brought about by the Republican party. Still grander reform await its future. Its existence is the heart of industry, and its activity is the throbbing pulse of healthy labor.

THE IRON INDUSTRY.

The discussion of the tariff has brought to light considerable valuable information, and the friends of home manufactures are giving the country an astonishing amount of intelligence, but too long kept back from the masses of our people who have been fed with free trade food. Among the branches of industry most attacked and misrepresented the iron business has the honor of being preeminent. No one can over-estimate the importance to the production of iron to this country. On this branch all other industries hinge, and the world acknowledge that the age of iron is not a fiction but a fact. Let our iron mines and blast furnaces be wiped out of existence, and our virtual subjection to Europe would become more of a reality than if our armies were defeated and our navy scattered and destroyed.

While political wire-pullers are beating about the bush and meddling with our protective system the iron trade is unseated and capital is restrained from investing in the vast and neglected iron fields of Virginia North Carolina, Tennessee and Missouri. It requires considerable courage to remain in the iron and metal trade anywhere in this country,

and we are not surprised that manufacturers are afraid to take orders at fixed rates, when, before the work is finish, material and labor may have advanced beyond the price of the finished product. It is stated the demand is greater than the supply, but the tariff-tinkers have kept furnaces and thus lower prices, but this will never be done until our people demand and force legislators to fix the protective policy so firmly that capital will feel justified to invest in the production of iron.

Abundance of ore has been found in Alabama North Carolina, Tennessee and Virginia, and the great fields of Pennsylvania are but scratched over, while Missouri has mountains of metal awaiting the hand of the skillful workman who can do nothing without the aid of capital.

Well does a leading mining authority declare, "it is a disgrace to our people, forced upon them by their misrepresentation in Congress, that the noble deposits of ore and fuel possessed by our land should lie idle, while the world is clamoring for the metal they will supply. The present prices tend to discourage manufacturing enterprises, and all the reduction in duties which vacillating and uninformed Congress could make would not cheapen iron now or add one pound to markets of the world."

SAVE OR WE PERISH.

The Legislature of North Carolina, which was the creature of the Ku Klux Klan of the State, did not forget those of their brethren, who were in danger from radical persecution. It is true they did not pass the amnesty bill which the rotund scion of the Graham's propounded—but they came nobly forward and repealed the act, making the act of April 1863, going "disguised with intent to terrify a misdemeanor, and the commission of any crime while disguised a felony." The only thing there is wrong about this, is that it leaves the poor leaguers, and the most faithful and respectable portion of the Ku Klux Klan out in the cold. This was decidedly unfair. The hundreds of gentlemanly murderers in Orange, Alamance and Caswell, are left with the threatening noose still hanging over them—yet they did more for the success of the Conservative party in 1870, than all the rest of its friends in the State. They have the consolation of knowing that they lost their souls, and imperilled their lives for a party that will not risk an election to save them from the gallows.

But what must the outside world think of a party, that, with the damning record of the Ku Klux for the past two and a half years before them, repeats the law which makes the perpetration of such outrages dangerous, just as soon as there is any danger of it being enforced, and throws the screen of legislative sanction over infamies, whose bare recital horrifies the soul beyond expression—a party which, upon the eve of an election, tears down the barriers erected to protect defenceless citizens in the exercise of their rights, and invites the red-handed hosts of the Klan to the perpetration of fresh enormities.—Newbern Republican.

THE REPUBLICAN PARTY.

There never was a time when the people, we mean the great masses, had more faith and confidence in the Republican Party than now. Hence it is folly for any to suppose that it intends to abdicate its throne of power. Never was it more firmly seated than at this hour. The discussions of recent events are the thunder storms that leave behind a bluer sky and clearer atmosphere. What our people demand is the freest discussions of candidates and of measures. Well says a cotemporary that we are nothing if not tolerant and wise. Ours is not a party that fears the most searching investigation. It must be this, or it must die. And die it cannot as long as its leaders adopt the warnings of the hour, and anticipate the wishes of the people. We regard the present as the best and most hopeful period of the time. It gives us promise. It lifts us above the little men and base factions of the hour. It prepares us for the future.—North Carolinian.

"UNDER WHICH KING," &c.

Our esteemed cotemporary, the Raleigh Daily News, in a late issue, manifests very great solicitude to learn the true position of the American with regard to future co-operation with political parties of the country, and bestows a high compliments for our past course in standing the party with which the News will continue to act, although we claim no merit for what we honestly believed at that time, was right; nor, do we know that our aid was of any special importance, to be appreciated in such complimentary terms by our worthy cotemporary, who seems loth to part company. We can assure him that this is not of our seeking, but has been forced upon us, by the course of the party that the News and American had hitherto sustained, especially by its leaders and office-seekers; and that, in our opinion, public sentiment upon the question, is in advance among the people, whose voice should be obeyed.

In our opinion, the Republicans do not furnish the only radical element in the country, but that it is as strong on the other side; nor, do the Republicans supply all the rogues, altogether in filling offices, a large number have turned up—too many, if it could have been avoided. But men have to be tried before they can be found out. This has been the experience of all parties, when in power and having offices to bestow. Presidents Van Buren, Pierce and Buchanan (Democratic administrations) furnish notable examples of thieving and defalcations. Mr. Calhoun declared that the Democratic party was held together by the "cohesive power of public plunder"; and the Old Whigs ever denounced the Democracy as the "rule or ruin" party; while the Democrats denounced the Whigs as Abolitionists and traitors to the South. That was before Secession.

In conclusion, we will say to our worthy neighbor that, the American will pursue the course which shall seem best calculated to restore peace and harmony to the country, and secure an equal participation by the Southern States in the General Government and its benefits.

We will endeavor to enlighten our neighbor further, as time shall progress, and trust that our paths shall run parallel for the welfare of the country. If they diverge, it will be owing, doubtless, to an honest difference in opinion.—Statesville American.

THE TRIBUNE'S CREDULITY.

We published a few days ago the statement of the Washington correspondent of the New York Tribune to the effect that General Grant would "force his renomination" by the Philadelphia Convention; and it is perhaps barely worth while to recall the fact that we unhesitatingly pronounced the said statement claptrap. We need now give no more upon the subject than the following clear statement from the Washington dispatches to the Philadelphia Press, unless, indeed, it might be well enough to hint to the Tribune that it would do quite as if it would attach a little less importance to the ceaseless gable of Sairey Gamp. Let it take note of this Press dispatch:

"A prominent Republican Senator, in the course of an interview with the President this morning, brought to his attention the recently published statement that he intended to force the nomination of the Philadelphia Convention in his favor, and that he had declared his purpose to compel the placing of his name at the head of the ticket, preferring to accept the risk of defeat in November rather than failure of renomination. The President's response was most decisive and emphatic; in the first place, that he had never said any such thing to any person, and in the second place, he had never intended any such thing. He declared further that he has never yet stated to any person that he desired to be renominated at Philadelphia, nor has he asked the influence or efforts of any one for that end. He said that his position to-day is precisely the same as when, eight years ago, in front of Richmond, he received letters urging him to accept the nomination against President Lincoln. He regards the unity and success of the Republican party as greater and more essential than that of any man in it, and is ready to obey the dictates of its leaders and its necessities. The President spoke with more than usual warmth upon the subject, and with evident and entire sincerity."—Wash. Chronicle.

Husband, if an honest man is God's noblest work, what is an honest woman? "His rarest, dear," was the unceasing reply.

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WITKOWSKY & RINTELS'

CARD.

Again thanking a generous public for the very liberal share of their trade, accorded us the past year, we take this method of informing it (and the wholesale buyers in particular,) that our

SPRING STOCK

Is now coming in, and when complete (which will be about the 10th of March,) will be as usual, the largest, best selected, and comprise the greatest variety than that of any House in Western North Carolina.

Our Mr. RINTELS left on the 11th of this month, for the following markets: Baltimore, Philadelphia, Reading, New York, Brooklyn, Lynn and Boston, to make our purchases from first hands, the benefit of which we give our customers.

And as it is dangerous for small buyers who can sell a limited amount of goods only, to go North, especially for the Summer trade, we respectfully invite them to look at our new Stock, feeling assured that we can and will make it to their interest to buy of us this Spring.

Respectfully,
WITKOWSKY & RINTELS.

We have also added a large and elegant lot of CARPETS to our Stock.

Revenue Sale.

WILL SELL AT AUCTION, TO THE highest bidder, on the 13th day of March, A. D. 1872, the following named property seized by me for taxes due the United States, viz: One tract of land belonging to the heirs of Govan Mills, dead, known now as the J. Columbus Mills place, lying on Vaughan's creek, waters of Puckolet River, Polk county, N. C., adjoining lands of Newman C. Mills and George Williams. The above property will be sold at Columbus, Polk county, N. C., for cash, without reserve. J. H. KENNEY, Collector 7th District N. C. Per W. H. DEAYNE, Deputy Col. February 20th, 1872—14—td

Valuable Land for Sale.

BY virtue of a decree of the Probate Court of Rutherford county, I will expose to public sale to the highest bidder, at the court house in Rutherfordton, on Monday the 25th day of March next, all that valuable tract of land lying on the waters of 21 Broad River, containing about 150 acres and known as the James Morrow land, and sold for division between the heirs of said James Morrow, dec'd. Terms of sale—12 months credit will be given the purchaser, except for costs and charges, which will be required on day of sale, the purchaser to give bond for approved security. J. W. GREEN, Com'r. 14—td

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DESIRE to inform the public, that I have opened a Barber Shop and Oyster Saloon next door North of Hawkins' Bar Room, where I will be pleased to serve all who may desire a clean shave, or a nice plate of oysters, as cheap as can be afforded. no14-1f ED. WILLIAMS.

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